

# 2B or not 2B Evil

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Reading by  
the author

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## **Preface**

I have notes that date back to 1981. Well, maybe I should begin at the beginning. The preface is all about the history of what happened that the book began to happen.

The first notes about this book are when I realized my future son was on his way to this world. I had made other plans which real quickly changed.

I began writing scattered notes to my son. Some of them don't make much sense now when I look at them, such as, \*the thing about life is that life is life\*. I must have had a point at the time that made sense. Maybe something or someone interrupted my writing, and I never went back to finish it in time to make sense of it, but I couldn't figure it out, now.

Of course, some of my notes are more profound, such as \*life is not about being lucky like receiving a good hand in a game of cards; it's more about how you play the cards that you are handed\*. And \*I'm afraid, to live your life won't be much about love, but more about courage\*.

It goes on and on and at times that there are no notes for a good long time at intervals, then there is another one about a book I had just re-read which I thought he may like. I believe it was Mr. Alan Alexander Milne's the Winnie the Pooh.

In one of the notes, I tell him about the Think and Grow Rich by Mr. Napoleon Hill and the fact that it's not finished until you have arrived at your destination. So, there was no sense in stopping, unless it was a tactical stop, I point out. I believe I was making a comment about the part where the young Napoleon's uncle quit digging some three feet before reaching one of the largest gold mines in the US. That was not a good thing.

This is as good a place as any to tell you about the salute that I give in the book. "Here is to Here and here is to Now". I've made this salute myself and have used it for many years. Thus, I have coined it and it's mine. Of course, please use it and remember me when you do. It has a philosophical meaning for me that I intend to deliver to you, in another book soon. Briefly, "here" is an old

salute gesture as in, *here is looking*..... which Mr. Bogart uses to salute the girl in the classic movie The Casablanca, which I also mention in the present book. However, the second “Here” which I say, is my reference to Heaven, as here is Heaven and “Now”, is what should be cherished. As yesterday is history and tomorrow has not arrived yet and that I like it that I am here and “Now” with you. In other words, it’s a pleasure to me to be “Here” with you “Now” in the present.

Still to today after 40 years, I have never stopped writing notes with a date on them, except, now I try to be more careful to make it more coherent for a future read.

At first, I thought I was going to write a book. One big book. So, I kept waiting for the right time to begin. Then I realized that this was not one book. It was many books. And that now was the time to write them, one by one.

The subjects will be varied but philosophically they come from the same source. This first book, the **2B or not 2B Evil**, was not intended to be written as a rhythmic prose piece. It flew out that way. I just didn't stop it. I figured it was because of the way I think and not because of the way I write. And incidentally, the story of the hundredth monkey became rather rhythmic as well and it is not written that way originally by Mr. Ken keys, Jr., the author who has generously given permission to use the story.

I had the book written long before I had it down on paper, in my mind of course. I just had not noticed that in English it may sound like a rhythmic prose piece. Well, it does. And it sounds right to me. That’s the exact picture that I had drawn. You see pictures don’t have accents.

My personal salutes to you and yours. Here is to Here and here is to Now.

Shay Rastegar

## **2B or not 2B Evil**

**Call me Baba.**

Most people  
that know me  
and  
the story  
of my life

do.

I've earned  
the title,  
it means  
papa.

I used to think  
that  
I am  
Baba  
because  
I am a father.

Then  
the facts  
dawned on me.

You see,  
to embrace fatherhood

I've paid  
with my soul.

I've paid so dearly  
that  
before I knew it  
there was  
only  
fatherhood  
left...  
of what was once me.... or was it I.

Therefore;  
call me Baba,  
most people  
that know me  
and  
the story of  
my life  
do.

My son says:  
that  
I am  
an  
oral philosopher.

A philosopher  
who  
can think  
on his feet.

An orator  
with a  
philosophical  
mind,

a lover  
of knowledge.



I am  
a practicing attorney  
by trade  
in  
The Great Lone Star State of Texas.

Hence,  
a clarification  
is in order  
without further  
ado.

Please be  
notified  
in  
**BOLD LETTERS**

that  
if  
you are looking

for  
a great American novel  
here,

you might  
as well  
close the book  
or  
stop listening,  
whichever  
that maybe  
and  
clear.

Because  
we are building  
a church,  
of sorts  
here.

A way  
to perceive  
life and living  
pleasant.

To simply  
act with  
wisdom  
and  
courage.

Like life  
and  
let life  
like you.

A world  
built with  
the bricks

and mortars  
of  
your passions,  
your desires.

To pleasantly view  
and  
interpret  
all things  
is our cause  
and  
our goal  
and that shall be  
the ball in the hole.

And  
a novel  
would crowd this,  
you understand.

Clearly,  
you are still with me.

You did not  
walk away  
and  
you are listening.

This could be the beginning of a beautiful relationship.  
Paraphrasing, the great Humphry Bogart  
in the classic movie,  
The Casablanca.

But  
I don't think  
you're here  
to watch  
an old movie  
with me...

Maybe later.

Now,  
you are here  
for a cause.

And  
to begin  
our saga

you are  
going  
to take a walk  
with me,

a spirit-walk.  
An etheric walk,  
if you like.

The type  
of walk  
that delivers you  
to places  
and situations  
with  
no fear  
of repercussions.

You know,  
the kind  
that  
you gain knowledge,

without  
having  
to pay  
for  
the consequences.

It's a good deal,  
I might add.  
Isn't it?

Now,  
let's pick,  
one of these  
subway stations  
in a very crowded city.

Say:  
New York City.  
And in a blink of an eye,  
here we are.

As you see,  
the people  
are passing by  
each other,



kind of  
maneuvering  
around  
one another,

almost  
as if  
in a  
sequence.

Walking  
and talking  
and shopping  
and haggling  
and smiling  
and laughing  
and poking,  
flirting  
and joking.

And then,

there is one.

Right,

that one.

This

one person

seems to be

in

a rush.

An accelerated

onslaught,

totally

out of

sequence,

with

the well-orchestrated

theme  
of  
the subway station,

hitting  
everyone  
in his path.

Shouldering  
people  
and opening  
his way

with a  
chaotic  
force,  
pushing people.

Men  
and women

and  
children  
fall  
and tumble  
to the hard  
subway floor.

He rams  
his way through  
and keeps  
moving

and...watch out...  
he  
pushes you  
to a pole  
to cross  
as  
he had  
many

other people.

Now, now  
stop right there.

This is  
a spirit- walk  
for you.

You stop  
right there,  
before  
you react.

Do not,  
even talk.

He did not  
touch you,  
much less

see you.

And

you

did not

sense anything

not really.

That is

a fact.

This is

only

a scene

for a picture.

No other

senses,

involved.

Just a picture.

No feelings  
of being  
wronged.

No emotions  
of fear  
of anger.

Just  
the picture.

Look,  
around you  
and  
observe  
what  
he has left  
in his wake.

A lot  
of people  
on  
the hard  
cemented floor,  
fruits and vegetables,  
from the vendors' carts  
and people's  
groceries  
rolling  
and tumbling,  
smashed  
grossly.

But  
you must  
ignore  
the chaos  
the pain



the anger  
and  
the remnants of fear  
on  
the cemented floor,  
mixed and rolled in  
with the  
purses and briefcases,  
fallen  
all over  
from  
their hands,  
and  
a few  
bloody noses  
and lips  
and achy knees  
and elbows  
and  
lots of

bruised egos.

They are,

all

either shouting,

curses

and cusses

or

quietly

mumbling

profanities,

they sound like

a chorus- line.

A profane

chorus- line.

Like a Greek tragedy,

chorus- line

with lamentation  
predicting  
a  
sorrowful  
world.

Inviting all  
to join  
an  
inevitable  
dark dimension.

Pay  
Close attention.

Close your eyes  
and  
feel the change  
of  
the atmosphere

in this  
crowded  
underground  
subway station.

Immersed  
in anger  
and fear.

Can you find  
joy?  
Is delight  
here?

How about  
fun?  
Gusto?  
Contentment?  
Happiness?  
Laughter?

Of course, not.

What you feel  
is horrid.

It is pain,  
tension,  
and anger  
blended- in- fear.

Pleasant  
is not  
anywhere  
near here.

Open your eyes now.

Would you like  
to join this

energy  
in  
the atmosphere?

That is the question  
you must ask  
yourself.

To join, or  
not to join,

an energy  
fueled by anger,  
moved by fear,  
revenge  
and hate.

Inspired by  
self-righteousness  
and

bruised egos,  
hidden  
in pride.

You could  
almost  
feel  
and see  
the Dome  
of  
the Dread.

The forceful  
energy  
of fury;  
however, weak and sad,  
of panic,  
driven by  
a sense of  
mad.

I call this  
the Abyss Temple.

It's  
like a church,  
not really.

A place of worship,  
nay.

A place  
with  
a force  
of magnetism.  
A great magnet  
of sorts.

It's built on  
self-interest



and  
self-righteousness.

As the number  
of  
the members  
grow,  
it gains  
more and more  
anger,  
fear  
and hate.

Incidentally,  
would you like  
to join,  
this house of dread?  
This kind of  
fate?

Well,  
probably  
no one  
will ask you  
to join this magnet.

But,  
if you  
as much as  
say a word  
in a re-active  
mode  
about  
the situation  
in the subway station

with a wave  
of anger,  
fear,  
or

hate,

or

a feeling of

judgment

or

a self-important attitude,

you will have given

the passcode

and actively joined

the house of dread,

with or

without

a conscious decision

or mind.

The good thing

is that

you are  
only on  
a spirit-walk  
with  
no repercussions.

A good deal,  
right?

Keep the picture, though.

And now  
let's visit  
Palestine  
of  
what is  
considered  
the past.

Blink your eyes,

and here we are.

And yes,  
that Glory  
would be  
Yesha'yahu Issa,  
Lord Jesus Christ,  
coming back  
from Mount Olives.

He is crowded  
by the mob  
demanding  
the Mosaic  
stoning,  
accusing a woman  
of adultery.

And yes,  
of course

he sees you  
even though  
no one else  
does.

Watch the master at work.

Notice  
His  
Wisdom  
confronting  
evil  
and  
the mob-control  
tactic,  
  
without  
shedding  
blood,

in  
the midst  
of a crowd

with  
a thirst  
for blood,

calm, coherent,  
reasonable,

He delivers  
a well worded  
simple  
declaration  
and  
the procedure  
for  
the proper stoning  
and execution

of the law.

“...he that is  
without sin  
among you,  
let him  
first  
cast  
a stone  
at her”.

Brilliant,  
pure  
peacemaking  
wisdom.

He saved life  
without  
an argument  
or fight.



And  
the mad crowd  
that  
was not  
going to be  
refused  
was defused.

But then again  
To be  
or  
not to be  
is the question  
for you.

Would you be  
the man  
“Without sin”  
who

first casts!

a stone?

The law

and order,

mind you.

After all

stoning is the law,

at least

it was

then.

But

then again,

is this about

the law

or

is it

about,  
self-righteousness?

The magnet  
of  
the abyss church,  
is beckoning.

Yes,  
even then  
it did  
and  
it does,  
always.

Of course,  
for you  
the alternative is  
to stay  
in your own

plateau  
and  
we move  
back.

Or  
is it forward,  
now?

And no,  
you cannot stay here  
with  
The Master.

Just take  
the pictures  
and  
as we walk,  
our spirit-walk,  
we will

consider  
the concept of  
the story  
of  
The hundredth monkey.

It may prove  
to be  
helpful  
with your  
decision taking  
in life.

You should understand  
now that  
The hundredth monkey  
has nothing to do  
with the number  
one hundred.

The number  
one hundred  
is just a number  
that  
has been picked  
as a  
critical number.

A point of  
no return,  
of sorts.

Mr. Ken keys, Jr., the author,  
while permitting to use the story,  
in whole or in part,  
writes:

“...this book is dedicated to dinosaurs,  
who mutely warn us, that a species which cannot adapt  
to changing conditions will become extinct”.

Mr. key's

dedication  
to dinosaurs,  
-which I did not take personally-  
does not  
seem to help  
much  
with our decision  
as to  
who  
would be  
“without sin”  
to “first cast”  
“a stone”  
but,  
this paraphrased  
story may  
have a way  
to shed  
some light  
on

the human plight  
of what  
could be wrong  
and  
could be right.

The story is,  
that  
in 1952,  
in the island  
of  
Koshima,  
the scientists  
were  
experimenting,  
on a species of monkeys  
called  
Macaca fuscata,  
with sweet potatoes.



Well,  
they were trying  
to feed  
the monkeys  
these sweet potatoes.

They threw  
the sweet potatoes  
on the sand

and  
a little monkey girl  
had  
an idea  
so good.

And  
it turned out  
to be  
not just good,

but grand.

Here's the way  
the story goes,  
in his own words,

of course,  
including  
some  
poetic liberties  
taken by me,

about  
the story  
of  
the hundredth monkey.

'The Japanese monkey,  
Macaca Fuscata  
has been

observed in the wild  
by the scientists,  
and by some  
loving amateur  
as well,  
since 1948,

for a long time,  
there is  
no debate.

And for a good reason,  
too.

In 1952  
on  
the island of Koshima,  
the scientists  
attempting  
to lure them

closer  
for observation,

threw  
sweet potatoes  
on the sand

for the monkeys  
to eat.

Some Monkeys  
picked them up  
and  
some threw.

Some  
bit into  
them  
and some  
spit them out.

It seemed  
they may have liked  
the sweet potatoes  
but not  
seasoned  
with the sand.

A little girl monkey,  
named Imo  
only 18 months of age,  
determined  
to properly  
try and eat  
the new delicacy,

picked up her  
sweet potato,  
in hand

and proud  
like the princess,  
she was,

walked  
to the stream  
and washed  
off  
the sand,

from her  
sweet potato  
and dignified  
she ate

and  
some say  
washed  
her hand.

But,  
that's not  
the end  
of the story  
of the little Monkey girl  
with her  
sweet potatoes  
seasoned  
with sand,

in a far off  
Japanese  
Island,  
oh no  
that is not.

Imo taught  
her mother  
how  
to really enjoy

the sweet potatoes

and

she did not,

stop there.

She taught

her playmates

about

this trick

and

might have

even whispered,

some say

to her playmates

to teach

their own

mothers

the virtues

of the use of



the stream  
and the delight of  
eating sweet potatoes  
un-seasoned  
and washed  
from the sand.

But, the saga  
of  
Imo  
and  
her innovation  
did not  
stop there.

Between the years  
1952 and 1958  
the scientist observed  
that basically  
all the young monkeys

on Koshima,  
Imo's Island,

had learned  
how to wash  
the sand  
off  
the sweet potatoes,  
before  
consumption

and more,  
much  
more than this,  
she  
did it  
her monkey way.

And Some say  
she saw things through

without exemption.

As the mind  
once stretched  
to a  
new dimension

views all things  
in a new light.

Whether  
on mainland  
or  
an island.

I have heard  
a story  
that  
Imo  
did with the wheat,

that  
the scientists threw,  
on the sand,

as she had done  
with the potatoes,  
soiled  
with sand.

But,  
to continue  
the story of  
the sweet potatoes  
soiled with sand,  
and  
the ripple effect,  
Imo had spawned.

It should also  
be noted

here,  
that the scientist  
also observed  
with no further note,  
that  
only the adults  
who  
imitated  
their children,  
learned  
how to use  
Imo's social skill.

That is,  
the other adults  
kept eating  
the sweet potatoes  
seasoned  
with sand  
in the Koshima island.

And then  
the saga of  
the ripple-effect  
continued  
with  
an astonishing  
event  
in the fall of  
1958.

As the story goes  
and  
the exact number  
no one knows,

but to understand  
the situation  
let us suppose,

when  
the sun rose

on this  
fall morning  
in the year 1958,

there were  
ninety-nine  
monkeys,  
who  
had learned  
to wash  
the sweet potatoes  
in the stream  
to get rid of  
the sand,  
on the Koshima island.

And

this morning  
in the fall of  
1958,  
a young  
newly of age  
monkey  
had the opportunity  
and  
learned  
to wash  
her  
sweet potato  
in the stream,  
clean, of sand

and became  
the 100<sup>th</sup> monkey  
who washed,  
her sweet potato  
in the stream



before she ate,  
in  
the Koshima island,

and  
this incident  
was not  
planned.

Though,  
before  
the sundown  
that day  
in the fall of  
1958,

it seems  
that  
every  
monkey cousin

of Imo

and

every playmate,

every neighbor,

and every friend,

far and near

both

foe or dear,

ran down

their respective tree

grabbed

some sweet potato

for free,

and

ran to the stream,

to wash

in a rush.

It was  
such a fiasco

that Imo  
the original  
VIP  
at the stream  
could not  
find herself  
a spot

to wash  
and eat,  
in the sweet water stream of  
the Koshima Island.

There seemed  
to be  
an explosion

of energy,  
an-ideological  
breakthrough  
with  
the advent of  
the 100<sup>th</sup> monkey.

Yes,  
that was  
unplanned  
but  
so grand.

However,  
notice  
please  
that  
the magnificence  
of this  
grand event

manifested  
not only  
and just  
in  
the Koshima Island.

The new skill  
of washing  
the sand off  
the sweet potatoes  
jumped  
over the seas  
and  
over the land  
to  
a whole bunch  
and troops  
of  
other monkeys  
in

other islands

other lands.

The Takasakiyama

Monkey park, monkeys,

way across the seas,

who,

had never seen

sweet potatoes

before,

showed

an instant skill

at washing

the sweet potatoes

before they eat.

And the colonies

of monkeys

on

other islands

needed

no push

to wash

the sand

off

the sweet potatoes

before they eat.

In fact

at the site of

the sandy sweet potatoes

they all

rushed down the trees

like monkeys,

these advanced monkeys.

Thus,

It can be  
surmised  
that when  
certain  
critical number  
of monkeys  
achieve  
an awareness,  
the awareness,  
maybe  
communicated

from mind to mind  
monkey to monkey

not limited by land  
not limited by sea.

This could  
further, mean



that when  
an idea  
sensible  
or  
insane  
is known only  
by a limited  
number of monkeys,  
that is  
less than  
the critical number,  
  
before reaching  
the proverbial  
hundredth monkey,  
  
it remains resting,  
  
kind of  
dull

in  
potential,

in the consciousness  
of these  
monkeys.

But there is  
a point  
at which

if only  
one more  
monkey

tunes in  
to  
the new awareness,

a field

of some sort  
explodes  
to activation  
so that  
this awareness is  
picked up  
by every monkey  
all over the Earth  
all over the land  
all over the seas.

Wow  
would, should  
the humans  
be  
as smart as  
monkeys.

Maybe  
one of us

maybe you  
or I  
can be  
the hundredth monkey.

Could it be  
that  
the hundredth monkey  
effect  
is a phenomenon  
applicable to  
human species?

But,  
let's continue  
our spirit- walk,  
with no repercussions,  
  
and

consider a coin,

and

find out

which

side of it

is good

and

which side

bad.

Which side

is

right

and

which side

wrong?

Which side is

happy

which side  
sad?

Then again,

what if  
neither side  
is bad?

what if  
I am right  
and  
you are right  
too?

What if  
one could not  
exist  
without  
the other?

What if  
my existence  
cannot be  
without  
you?

What if  
we are  
the  
two sides  
of the same  
coin?

What if  
to be here  
and exist  
we must  
both exist?

Like  
the two sides  
of one  
coin.

Let us consider some facts.

I, Sheida Rastegar,  
known as  
Shay,  
declare

that  
the opposite  
of August  
is August,  
with  
certainty.

As it takes



two  
opposite  
hemispheres  
to make  
a planet, a  
round one

and two  
to Tango,  
for those  
who like to dance,  
cheek to cheek,

I added this  
Just as a wit;

you see,  
in  
the southern  
hemisphere

of the Earth  
in the countries  
such as  
Brazil,  
the month of  
August  
is rather cold.

The month  
of August  
is such  
a winter  
in Argentina

it could mean  
snowstorm  
and blizzard,  
so cold,  
so bold.

While in  
the northern hemisphere

which is  
the opposite side  
of the same  
planet Earth,

believe,  
you, me.

in some  
places  
and cities,

such as  
Los Angeles

and more often  
than not

in San Francisco,

it's rather  
hot.

The month  
of August  
is so hot  
in Texas,

according  
to a  
Texas tale,

that  
the fresh corn  
on  
the cornstalk,  
pop to popcorn,  
would you,

believe

that,

that's hot,

not cold,

but bold.

I may not be,

such a classic poet,

with

a fancy rhyme

but

the poem

and

the rhyme

is mine,

so

it's fine

and  
furthermore,

it delivers  
the point  
that I am  
driving at.

And  
That is that.

A coin  
has-to-have  
two sides  
to be  
a coin,  
legitimate  
and  
proper.

or else  
it's  
just a  
flat surface  
at best  
and  
definitely  
not a coin,

gold,  
silver,  
stone

Or  
Copper;

a coin  
without  
two side  
is not proper.

Now, stay with me  
a bit longer  
and  
this  
train of thought,

we can  
take a rest  
from  
the spirit- walk

and do  
a train- of- thought- ride,  
that  
would be  
nice  
and mild.

A pleasant change  
of pace



and  
a mind-ride.

Yes,  
we shall do  
a spirit-train-ride,

that's  
rather different,  
it's wild.

Now,  
we will focus  
on  
our journey of

to-do  
or  
not-to-do.

We have  
considered  
with-out  
a decision,

what if  
there is  
no bad  
or good?

What if  
it's only  
a matter of  
taste and mood?

What if bad  
is only  
what  
we don't  
like,

personally?

What if

good

is only

what

we

believe

is good?

What if

my taste

is different

and unlike

your

taste?

What if

you consider

my taste,

bad?

What if  
I consider  
your taste  
rude?

Which  
one of  
these persons,

which  
one,  
of us  
will be good?

And,  
which  
one  
evil?

Or is it just bad?

What if  
neither I  
nor you  
know  
what is good!?

And worse,  
what is  
evil??

Then,  
is either  
one of us  
good  
or  
evil?

What if

good and evil  
is not  
a matter of  
opinion or taste,  
but  
a personal  
attitude?

After all,  
when  
we  
contemplate  
the latitude,

it certainly  
seems  
that everyone  
gets a plate  
and  
much the same

plentitude.

When,  
it rains,  
it rains on me,  
and  
it rains on you

and in fact,  
it rains on everyone  
else,  
the same way  
as on me and you.

When  
the sun shines,  
it shines on  
everyone,  
  
even on

the people  
that you or I  
may consider,  
bad or evil.

What if  
in the eyes of  
Providence,  
it does not  
make  
any difference?

What if  
our taste  
even our taste  
for food

is based  
on  
our genetics,



our chemistry

or

our blood types,

not just

our mood.

What if

only

our measly

and

limited learnings

and

experiences

are the bases

of our judgments?

What if

there is

no right

or wrong

and

no bad

or good?

Oh no,

there has to be

good.

It- is- just- not- good,

without good.

And

no good

makes us

look bad,

too bad.

Then again,

if there is

good,  
bad  
must be there too  
or else,  
how can you tell  
what is good?

Good  
needs a bad too.

We can tell  
good from bad  
when  
there is both  
good and bad.

And that is good  
not bad

Bad

is not always  
evil.

And  
Bad and evil  
are not  
equal.

Bad  
changes  
among  
people,

with time  
and taste.

But  
evil remains  
evil,

rather stable  
no haste.

Evil is not  
bad  
or even  
too bad.

The opposite of  
evil  
is not  
Good.

Good is  
too undefined  
to be  
good enough  
to oppose  
evil.

The dictionaries  
and  
learned philosophers  
and  
what-not

run around  
with  
vague  
nice-sounding words,

confused about  
good,  
and  
that is  
no good.

No,  
good  
is not

the opposite of  
evil,  
and that  
is good.

But  
to put you back  
in your spirit-travel  
mood,  
here is something  
good.

Here is  
the powerful  
opposer  
to evil,  
sooth.

The opposite of  
evil

is  
wisdom.

Therefore, have no fear  
the all- powerful  
wisdom  
is here.

Evil  
can not  
be detected  
by a simple  
good  
or bad  
checkmark.

Wisdom  
shall keep  
evil  
at bay,



from  
afar and near.

And  
we are  
to be on  
our spirit-travel  
from here.

And yes,  
we will consider  
some more  
what-ifs  
have no fear.

What if  
all of these  
are  
just a matter of  
school of thought,

or  
a personal twist of  
aesthetics?

What if,  
none is  
a matter of  
the truth?

What if,  
the truth  
is that  
everyone  
is right?

Have you considered that?

Does that mean,  
we should be,  
equitable,

impartial  
and fair

about everyone's  
feelings  
and  
everyone's  
tastes,  
pleasures  
and affair,

likes,  
dislikes  
and rights?

What if,  
it's just  
that  
some people  
like

burger,  
while  
others  
like  
hot dogs?

Oh, of course  
we've got  
the answer  
for  
that  
question,

don't we?

You are free  
to do  
as you wish  
so long as  
you

don't  
infringe  
on my liberties and rights.

Right?

Oh goodness,  
what if  
my liberties  
infringe  
on  
your liberties  
and  
desires?

And what if  
your liberties  
and  
desires  
infringe

upon  
mine?

What if  
my  
vampiric  
needs,  
to maintain  
my  
“way of life”,  
is  
to-suck-out  
your life  
and  
your liberties  
out-of-you?

What if  
my “way of life”  
is just

to take  
all  
resources,  
all  
freedoms  
and  
lands?

And  
to leave  
in  
my wake,  
injured women  
and  
children  
trembling,  
cold,  
in fear,  
in hunger  
and

pain  
in their mothers' injured hands?

In your country  
In your home  
In your land?

Yes,  
what if  
the tables  
are turned around  
and you are  
the one who is  
to suffer from  
this blood-sucking  
“our way of life”  
loving,  
Draculian  
band.



Keep these questions  
in mind  
and  
we will blink  
our way  
to  
the Sultan's palace  
and observe  
the grand.

And here we are!

Today,  
is a  
special day  
in the realm  
and  
the Sultan  
has nudged  
the prime minister

to summon  
all his Majesties  
minsters  
and dignitaries  
to his  
palace,  
for lunch.

You  
have heard,  
something,  
of this incident,  
I have  
a hunch.

As you see,  
the utensils,  
by design,  
are about  
7 feet long

or longer.

And

the dignitaries,

very indignant,

dealing with

their present

state of affair

and hunger

are

all offended,

red and blue

and

rather upset,

pounding their feet,

they leave,

with no leave

to leave.

Just for you know,  
to leave anyone,  
before  
taking a leave

generally,  
is rude,

it is a  
bad idea.

To just  
get offended  
and leave,  
pouting,  
without caution,  
while  
dealing with  
a powerful man

like a Sultan  
or  
a President  
for that matter,  
is not just  
rude  
or imprudent,  
it is a  
really  
bad idea.

It could be  
a cause for  
execution,

however,  
on our spirit-walk,  
things are  
a little  
different

as promised,

no repercussion

not even

a

cautionary

persecution.

The Sultan,

who is watching,

from

the observation hall,

this pitiful scene

of

the dignitaries

acting

so undignified,

so predictable

obtuse,

so dull,

now,

has sent for

the dervishes

from the nearby

monastery,

to come

to his court.

And

of course,

as you can see

they did

at once.

The Sultan

offers them

to eat,

without

much ceremony,  
while  
he watches.

They all  
abstain,  
with humility

and  
their elder  
begging leave  
to speak,

softly  
informs  
the Sultan

that  
there are  
other



hungry people  
out there,

more deserving  
of  
the Sultan's  
kindness  
and generosity  
than  
a humble dervish.

All this  
food  
should go  
to them  
they humbly  
wish.

Of course,  
the Sultan takes heed,

sends out  
food  
for the poor,  
in town

and  
to the dervishes  
he says: now eat.

and  
as you can see

the dervishes  
are  
all offering  
the other  
to sit and eat  
first,

while each

is  
at the point of  
starvation,  
from  
long terms  
of fasting,  
ascesis  
and  
meditation.

The Sultan  
seeing this  
mode of  
operation

decreed  
that  
they must  
all sit  
at the same time.

And  
to do that  
with no further  
hesitation.

They all  
sit  
delighted  
and  
pick up  
the long spoons  
with pleasure

and  
began feeding  
the person  
at the end  
of  
the length

of  
their spoons,  
with measure,

as if  
it is  
the most usual  
and  
normal etiquette,

to do lunch,  
feast or  
banquet,

feeding  
a person  
seven feet away,  
with  
a long spoon.

A person  
you may  
know well  
or one  
you know not  
in the least,  
  
while  
you are  
being fed  
with  
a long spoon  
at length  
by  
a stranger or  
a friend  
in this  
very interesting  
lunch feast.

Crisscrossing  
spoons  
congenially  
not acting  
like a beast  
but  
actually  
and  
visibly  
enjoying  
the feast.

To witness  
this  
form of  
eating or  
is it  
feeding,  
in such  
natural harmony,

if  
you didn't know  
any better,  
you would  
think  
this is  
the proper  
way  
to eat.

The Sultan  
is pleased,  
as you  
clearly see  
by  
the big smile  
on his face.

As he had  
planned,



he has  
proved  
that  
the cabinet  
of  
the prime minister  
is  
a worthless bunch

and  
these humble monks,  
the  
dervishes

that understand  
life  
and know  
how to  
live it,

are  
more fit.

Keep  
this picture.

It's  
a pleasant picture.

Now,  
have a quick  
glance  
at nature  
and  
existence.

When  
you and I  
stand close  
to one another,

as it rains,

it rains

on both of us,

regardless

of which

one of us

maybe

the proverbial

good or bad,

we are

given

the same

right

to the rain

and

basically,

the same share,

of it.

Of course,  
one  
or  
both of us,  
may refuse  
to get wet,

and step  
under a cover,  
or use  
an umbrella.

Now,  
that would be,  
our freedom  
to choose,

to receive,  
the benefits

of  
the rain,  
or not.

The rain,  
maybe  
a blessing,

but,  
to a  
human  
armed with  
the freedom  
of choice,

some blessings,  
are  
too wet,

the rain

keeps giving,  
yet.

Sometimes,  
we are showered,  
with friends  
and family,  
love  
and care,

but  
we feel,  
too crowded  
upon,  
too wet,  
for us,  
in their shower  
of attention.

sometimes,

we do make,  
that fuss

and  
we choose  
to interpret  
this,

as being  
too much.

Showered  
literary,  
with  
too much  
love and  
attention.

We feel,  
our right

to privacy,  
of being  
alone,

and  
without  
friends  
and family,  
is being  
violated.

We  
choose  
to interpret  
their actions,  
unpleasantly

and  
we end up,  
left alone,



with  
our right  
to privacy,

so alone,  
that looks  
more like  
lonely,  
not just  
alone.

Too much  
claim  
to a right  
to privacy  
from love  
and affection  
is not  
just private,

it's sad.

Now,  
that's lonely,  
and  
not just  
unpleasant,

desperate  
and dreadful  
as in  
the dome of dread,  
not just  
simple bad.

We  
do have  
that freedom  
among  
our freedoms

I suppose.

A right  
and  
freedom  
to sad.

But  
a spirit-journey is Just to observe  
and not  
to classify  
this,  
as mad.

After all,  
that is not  
a part of  
you planned  
and guided  
spirit- travels

with me,

and

that's good

not bad.

However,

to brave

the rain,

is a part of

this journey.

So is,

to wisely interpret,

and

understand things pleasantly,

and

to get soaked,

in the pleasant.

After all,  
we live  
in the world,  
we attract,  
and  
we attract the world  
we see  
and  
think of,  
at all times.

The world,  
that we like,  
the world that  
likes us  
and  
we are  
immersed in.

When

we  
sense life,  
pleasantly.

That is  
where- we- live,

in the pleasant,

with  
all the rights  
and  
the privileges  
to  
the pleasant.

Any  
one of us  
could be  
the hundredth monkey

and  
brave  
the cleansing river.

And  
behold  
that,

it is  
the pleasant  
that  
shall attract  
the pleasant.

As for you  
who  
has taken  
pictures  
and traveled  
with me.

keep the pictures  
and remember  
the stories too.

Just to recap  
the journey  
and the choices  
we faced,

to join  
or  
not join  
the dome of dread

to be  
or  
not be  
the self-righteous man  
that presumes



to be  
without sin  
and dare  
to first casts  
a stone.

to behave  
like the dignitaries  
or  
to act like the dervishes  
at the Sultan's palace?

As a probable,  
hundredth monkey,  
what  
would you rather trigger?

To be or not to be evil?  
That is the call  
for all.

And you have the coins  
for the paths in life  
in your hand.

You must flip them  
one by one or more  
and live.

To flip the coins is the call.

Always remember  
and hear  
my voice in your ear,

courage is our creed  
wisdom, an allegiance, and a band.  
Courage is magnificent and wisdom is great  
Courage and wisdom are always best  
Hand in hand.

It is not  
a matter of  
which side  
of the coin  
is good  
and  
which side  
bad.

Look at it this way,  
so what if  
we don't like  
or  
appreciate  
what is dished- out  
to us?

So what if  
we are not

in the mood  
for what  
the society,  
nature,  
the universe,  
gives to us  
as good?

What are we to do about that?

There are  
some  
socio- economic,  
somewhat  
political,  
rather radical  
solutions,

such as  
anarchy,

revolutions  
and fight,

that  
one might  
want  
to consider,

but  
then again  
are they  
right?

The question is old  
but  
you must be  
bold.

The tyrants  
have might.

And  
they seem  
to be right.

At least  
they take it  
upon themselves  
to tell us,

what is right  
for us  
and  
what is good,

whether we are  
or not  
in the mood.

So

overthrow  
the tyrants  
we should

and  
bring to power  
a new and  
improved  
leader

who  
tells us  
by  
his politics  
and  
policies

what is  
our right  
and

what is  
good,

and  
welcome to  
a new world  
with a  
new order  
to include  
a new and  
reconstrued  
set of laws  
and boarder.

And  
how long  
can we stand  
would you say

before



we must revolt

against

the new tyrant

we have brought

to power

the new

power hoarder.

Then again

it is for you

to decide

to perceive

or

not to perceive

the world

as a place

only

to fight.

Furthermore  
you might want  
to consider that  
maybe it is  
true

that we  
don't have  
much to do

with what  
the universe or  
the people in it  
may dish out.

But  
we do have  
the right  
and

also  
the power  
to perceive  
and  
interpret

whatever is  
in the dish  
that is  
dished out, to us

Now  
that is a right  
and  
power  
one  
must not lose  
for any excuse.

You see

in a flip of a coin,  
we don't  
seem  
to have  
much control over  
which side  
of the coin lands,

but  
we do have  
all  
the control over

how to perceive  
what we receive  
when it lands.

Now,  
that is control  
over

your own destiny.

That is  
true happiness,  
I bear witness.

That is something  
to stand for,

a right  
that  
can-not be  
taken.

**A true  
in-alienable  
right.**

Now  
this is

a true might.

A right  
to perceive  
whatever  
we receive.

The point is  
you are  
the captain  
of your life.

The helm,  
the rudder  
and  
the steerage  
are all  
in your hand.

It is only

a matter of  
courage- and- wisdom  
to- be- pleasant  
when  
the coins land.

And  
without further ado  
we shall  
deal  
with the matter  
at hand.

In one church  
call it  
way of life,  
and  
this way of life  
is rather  
large and powerful.

Everyone  
is in a rat-race  
to make  
someone  
sad.

It's mostly  
dreadful,  
aggravating  
and  
often  
mad.

In  
the other way of life,  
call it church  
if you wish.

It seems



everyone  
helps  
another one

to their desires  
and passions  
and  
goals.

In this  
world,  
strange  
as it seems

everyone  
feeds  
someone  
else

when he is

hungry

himself

and builds

a house

for another

while

he is

homeless

himself

and cold.

It is

strange

but bold.

It is

while building

another- man's- dreams,

based on  
his passion  
and desires,  
for him,

with  
no expectation  
of return,

that  
our own  
dreams  
desires  
and passions  
are built  
and achieved  
and manifest  
for us  
in this way of life.

A world and way of life  
that  
has grown  
to such wisdom  
and understanding  
to perceive  
all things  
pleasant,

and thus  
to find  
the courage  
to see  
all tasks through  
once undertaken  
with a smile  
and  
a happy continence.

It is a

pleasant  
coup d'état,  
of sorts,  
to bring about  
a way of life,  
a church, of sorts  
a world  
in which  
the gentle-wise  
achieves  
his desires  
and passion  
with  
pleasant peace,  
in ease.

Of course,  
this was  
only  
a spirit- walk

with pictures  
and sounds.

And  
the story,  
of  
The Hundredth Monkey  
maybe  
questioned  
by those  
certain  
of their knowledge.

While you have  
the right  
and  
the liberty  
to take  
that choice

always remember  
a pursuit  
of wisdom  
with courage  
geared to  
a pleasant understanding  
of things  
is rather  
more pleasant.

Basically,  
when in doubt  
take  
the pleasant understanding  
route.

To see the cup  
half full.

To enjoy

the night  
and the dark,  
for its  
serenity,  
while it lasts.

To look forward  
to the next  
daylight  
and  
maybe  
a glorious sunshine  
is just  
more pleasant.

Puts a smile  
on your face  
and on  
mine too.



And  
with this smile  
I salute you  
and yours  
my way.

Here is to Here and here is to Now. Baba